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# Water Cresses

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# JACK ROBINSON.

**T**HE perils and dangers of the voyage past,  
And the ship in Portsmouth arrived at last,  
The sails all furled, and the anchor cast,  
The happiest of the crew was Jack Robinson ;  
For his Poll he had trinkets and gold galore,  
Besides prize money quite a store,  
And along with the crew he went ashore,  
As coxswain to the crew did Jack Robinson.

Tol de rol, &c.

He met with a man and said, " I say,  
Mayhap you may know one Polly Gray ?  
She lives somewhere here-about." the man said, " Nay,  
I do not indeed," to Jack Robinson.  
Says Jack to him, " I have left my ship,  
And all my messmates given the slip,  
Mayhap you'll partake of a good can of flip,  
For you're a civil fellow," says Jack Robinson.

In a public-house then they both sat down,  
And talked of admirals of high renown,  
And drank as much grog as cost half-a-crown,  
This here strange man, and Jack Robinson. ;  
Then Jack called out the reck'ning to pay,  
The landlady came in in fine array,  
" My eyes and limbs if there arn't Polly Gray !  
Who'd have thought of meeting here," says Jack  
Robinson.

The landlady staggered back against the wall,  
And said at first she did not know him at all ;  
" Shiver me," says Jack, " why here's a pretty squall,  
Damme, don't you know me ? I'm Jack Robinson."  
" Don't you know this handkerchief you gave to me ?  
'Twas three years ago—before I went to sea ;  
Every day I look'd at it, and then I thought of thee,  
Upon my soul I did," says Jack Robinson.

Says the lady, says she, " I've changed my state,"  
" Why you don't mean," says Jack, " that you've got  
another mate ?

You know you promised me," says she, " I couldn't wait,  
For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robinson.  
And somebody one day came to me and said,  
That somebody else had somewhere read,  
In some newspaper as how you were dead,"  
" I've not been dead at all," says Jack Robinson.

Then he turned his quid, and finished his glass,  
And hitched up his trowsers—" alas ! alas !  
That ever I should live to be made such an ass,  
To be bilked by a woman," says Jack Robinson.  
" But to fret and stew about it much is all in vain,  
I'll get a ship and go to Holland, France, or Spain,  
No matter where, but to Portsmouth I'll never come  
again,"

And he was off before they could say Jack Robinson.



## WATER CRESSES.

London:—H. SUCH, Printer and Publisher  
177, Union Street, Borough. S.E.

**J**ACK came home his pockets lined,  
In search of Poll, his only treasure,  
To Pickle-stairs his course inclined,  
In her fair lap to pour his treasure ;  
But scarce arrived at famed Rag Fair,  
Where the keen Jew the clodpole fleeces,  
His whistle turned into a stare,  
At—" Come, who'll buy my water-cresses."

He starts and trembles at the sound,  
Which now is heard, and now obstructed ;  
And now his hopes are all aground,  
And now 'tis to his ears conducted.  
Zounds ! cried out Jack, I know that phiz,  
But then such togs, they're all to pieces,  
Why, it can't be, d—e, it is,  
'Tis Poll a bawling water-cresses.

And now she's in his arms, while he  
Bids her relate fortune's reverses,  
The world finds faithless as the sea,  
And loads false friends in troops with curses.  
They took, says she, my very bed,  
The sticks they seized and sold in pieces,  
So to get a piece of honest bread,  
I cries—who'll buy my water-cresses.

Still thou'rt rich, my girl, cried Jack,  
And still shall taste each earthly pleasure,  
Thou'rt true tho' rags are on thy back,  
And honour, Poll's, a noble treasure.  
In this gay tog shop rigg'd so neat,  
Ill fortune from this moment ceases,  
This said, he scattered in the street,  
Basket, and rags, and water-cresses.